


[locked] Dream Journal



Chaz
 [cvillette](#)

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MOOD: 😊 calm

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning house, putting stuff we don't need anymore out on the curb for pickup, then it makes sense to release them, doesn't it?

They can go in this guy's journal. And then I can make brownies.

I'm not going to go all the way back. Just the last couple of weeks, and just the ones that fit the pattern of UNSUB me (i.e. not the bog-standard nightmares, because I'm too lazy to write all those up and really, they're mostly true to life anyway).

October 22, 2008

It's a cold room I in the dream (I-victim, I mean) don't recognize. I-dreamer recognize it from scene photos. The case is Joshua Lynch, a pedophile and killer I was helping work for Down The Hall. (My brain will introduce real details for verisimilitude.) I am tied into a hard wooden chair with clothesline or some other coarse rope. A vigilante (also in the dream, played by me) replays my trauma and my crimes for me, and then as dream-I-he is about to garrote other dream-me, I wake up.

October 23, 2008

I'm in the hotel room I fell asleep in, on the bed, and Reyes faces me from across the room. He sits in a wooden chair. He wants something from me I can't give. And then I'm him, in the chair, chained to the chair, and the chair is empty.

The Relative is there. I'm him; there's no me in the mirror. Then there is, the me... the me with the wings. And he's behind me/William. He strangles us with a ligature.

October 26, 2008

I'm at Quantico, in my dorm. Again with the ropes, again with the wooden chair. One of my classmates is a gamma and he's managed to get the drop on me and get me alone. He taunts me with the knowledge that he's here, in the midst of hundreds of FBI agents, and no one suspects a thing--and that I'll never get to tell anyone. I'll die with the knowledge that could have saved them. Of course, he's also me. Pretty obviously a conflation of current events, the standard dream architecture, and Certain Events of December 2007.

November 11, 2008

Last night's, I'm pretty sure, has something to do with traumatic childhood memories of the animated *Watership Down*. Again, there was the chair. Again the rope. But this time the room was familiar to dream-me. Somebody was standing behind him, pressing down on his shoulders, pressing him into the chair--(we remembered the chair)--and hissing in his ear, "So how does it feel to be domesticated?" in the same voice the cat used on Hazel-rah when it was about to try and eat him. ("Can you run? I think not!") This time, I/he didn't see the person conducting the interrogation, but the voice is mine. Except it's mine not the way your voice sounds inside your head, but the stranger's-voice you hear on an answering machine.

TAGS: [dream journal](#)

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.](#)

[More movie series should have Cliff's Notes.](#)

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